



STAR TREK

THE MOTION PICTURE

DAN NOSELLA / 1980

godiva's box

Dear Box,

You've done it again! The STAR issue was the best yet. But who was that dumb ass that rated an 'almost-great-almost-former leader'? I've never heard of him. You mean he was an Engineer? I didn't know Godiva stooped so low. Am I just a dumb Firosh or do I lead a sheltered life?

Eng Sci 8T3

Dear Miss Godiva,

I have somewhat of an embarrassing question. Is it true that speed reading pornography will lead to premature ejaculation? A friend said it happened to him, but I'm not sure whether to believe him. So what's the answer?

Comm. 8T1

Dear Artsie,

How the hell should I know!!!

Box

Dear Godiva:

On Wednesday March 19, I noticed the non-existent BFC not in the

process of erecting a H. O. I. R. at # 69 King's College Circle. This is a highly illegal activity since the zoning sign which they did not display at 9:00 am only mentioned that a hordello would be opened. Please explain.

Dumfuq 8T3

Dear Dumfuq,

I think the non-existent picture explains itself.

BOX



Jymmi cM.
Well I guess its time to toss the torch from failing hands to failing minds.

TOIKE OIKE

Dearest Box,

The other day I purchased a 'Soap On A Rope' for my boyfriend. (He always drops the soap when he showers.) He refused my gift saying he doesn't mind handing down to pick up the soap. He's a naval type Mech. Eng. at RMC. What is wrong?

Perplexed Elec 8T2

Dear Ms. Elec,

RMCBTBO!! (RMC Bites The Big One!)

Box

P.S. Try 'Soap On A Whip'!

Dear Godiva,

We, the Assistant Editors, would like to thank Boh for: 1) doing as little as possible on this issue, 2) never letting us know where he was or when he'd be back, and most of all 3) for letting us put his name as Editor. It's been one pain in the ass putting this damn thing together to get it out by Monday and it's nice to know that all of this could have been done without you Boh (and

was!!)

We'll see you next year!
8T1, 8T2, 8T3
Ass. Eds

LOADERS'S PRAYER

Our Computer
Who art at work,
Hollow be thy memory hanks,
Our programmes come,
They don't get done.

On our tapes as in thy printer,
Give us this day our daily GIGO.
And forgive us our fatal load errors,
As we forgive thee for shuffling data tapes.

Lead us not into duplicate statement numbers,
But deliver us from time limit over-flow.

For thine is the compiler,
The input and the output,
Forever and ever,

CALL EXIT!

THE CLASS OF 45.



ORIENTATION

One day, two guys went hunting for pheasants. The one guy had a unique dog. It would run in a hush and come out and scratch the number of pheasants on the ground. For instance, if the dog scratched five times, there were five pheasants in the hush and so on. The other hunter was quite impressed by this trick the dog would perform. So the hunter offered to buy the dog. The owner replied, "I couldn't sell him." The other hunter said, "I'll give you \$1000 for the dog; please, I want the dog." So the hunter got the dog, for \$1000

So, a week later, the hunter and his dog went pheasant hunting. He told the dog to run into the hush. The dog returned shaking his head violently, and had a stick in his mouth. Then the dog stopped shaking his

head, dropped the stick, jumped on his master's leg and started humping his master's leg. The hunter thought the dog was going nuts, so he shot the dog. On the way home, he ran into the original owner of the dog. "What did you do to the dog?" The hunter replied, "I told the dog to go into the hush. He went in and came out with a stick in his mouth and was shaking his head. Then the damn thing dropped the stick and started humping my leg off." The original owner replied, "You stupid asshole, he was trying to tell you something." "What the hell was he trying to tell me then?" The original owner replied, "He was trying to tell you that there were more pheasants in that hush than you could shake a fucking stick at."



This Business of Life

By J. Jeffrey Case

This Weeks Thought

"Personality can open doors,
but only character can keep
them open."

Elmer G. Leterman

Advising Young Professionals
With Money Management
By Design

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447-9124

T*IKe *IK€

BOB: And so my editorship ends....not with a bang, but with a whimper.
W.Y.: Wimper.
SPIRIT: I'm here in person.
WEST: After all...why should this year be any different?
LORRAINE ELECTRICAL: No! Not me! Please!
REID: Hey! Where did everybody go?
JAN: What kind of gag is this...?
BRIAN: What kind of gag is this...?
U O P T STUDENT BODY: We've gone out of town for the weekend.
CEE DEE: Back from the wilds of Bran-
ford.
PIRATE KING: Pill oh, fill the pirate's glass.
DAVE IND.: So it's my turn now, eh?
CHARLES B. WILBAR: Eng. Soc. 'A'
University of Waterloo, ENGINEWS 3B
Mech rules the world!
P.C. MIDDLETON: ENGINEWS Grand
Poohah, 4B Elec rules the universe!
ED'S NOTE:BULLSHIT!!!
ASS. ED'S NOTE:You're not
fucking kidding!!!
B.S.(BOB STRATHAM): (4B Elec) No, I
don't screw sheep!
PORKY: No you don't. You hugger

goals.
BUFFALO B. BUPWOOD: Care for a
chew?
PINK PLOYD: Having a wonderful
time, wish you were here.
ASS. ED: I was here. I wish I hadn't
heen.
PETEY THE QUEER: Lithuanian....it's
the only kind my mom let's me chew!
MR X: At last, a promotion!

The TOIKE OIKE is published
every now and again in the in-
terest of the Engineering Un-
dergraduates by the
Engineering Society of the
University of Toronto. We live
on the third floor of the con-
demned Metro Library Building
at 20 St. George St. or can be
reached at 978-5377.

STAPH:

EDITURD —

Bob Moulit

ASS ED'S —

L. Wizniak
D. Thompson
M. Stephenson
A. Saran

BUS. MANAGER —

A. Zimmerman

ENGINEWS

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*I am a Jingle! J. Webb
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Al Silburt ★★
Braa-aa-aad McKay ★★
Doug Haa-ha-aals ★★
Pat Jay-
Funny Featherstone ★★
Denotes Well
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Golden Words



Sola veritas est qui facit ut me in merda

the Ministress of Health

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FRIENDS ?

MELT D*H!!

S&M (I*ved the r*ad trip)
DREW (*ff with the balls)
B*AST(t*ikes for the mem*ries)
b*hunk(BYE BYE) WEASEL(fucking car*****)
ALICE BYE BYE F*RTY
TURB*(p*re*9V LLV) GRINCH
JENNY MARIE(sn**ks)
JEN B*DE
ANIMAL(*ur man *n the sl*pes)
P**EY(call me t*by)

TYPISTS !

MUM
M*DELLE
NEW(?)
R*WDY(The bum watcher)
JANE

PH*T*GS #

CAPT. BANSI
TWIT (Janet Mas*n)
MARVIN TULLETSKI

HOWDY!to Jane, Pooley, Turbo,
Bohunk, Captain (good party),
Brucey, Alice, Grinch, Mikey
(love that tan), Beest, Weasel,
Drew, Forty, Newf, and anyone
else I hope I didn't forget:
it's been great, and thanx for
the good times. Rowdy.

Jesus walked into a Holiday Inn one
night and put three nails on the coun-
ter. When asked by the manager as to
what he desired, he replied:
Can you put me up for the night?



"If I'd eaten at D.J.'s instead of
New College, I wouldn't be in
this state right now!"

DJ'S

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Bonanza
only 2.22

DJ'S

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and butter. This coupon is valid after 5 pm for dinner Monday
through Friday only until May 31st 1980. Licensed under LLBO.

T

Spermit the Frog Gets ~~Wald~~

DRUNK

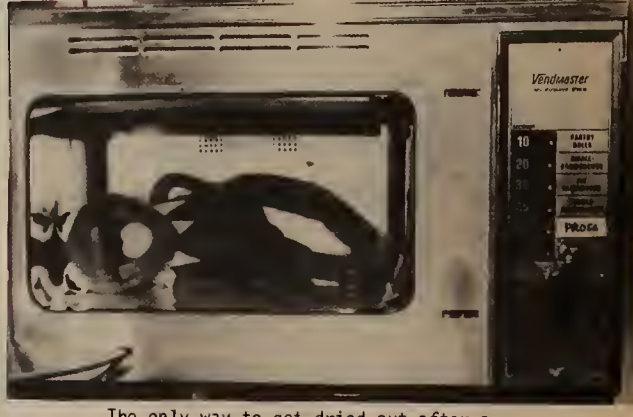


You only rent beer.

Hey I didn't really call the waitress a hosebag.



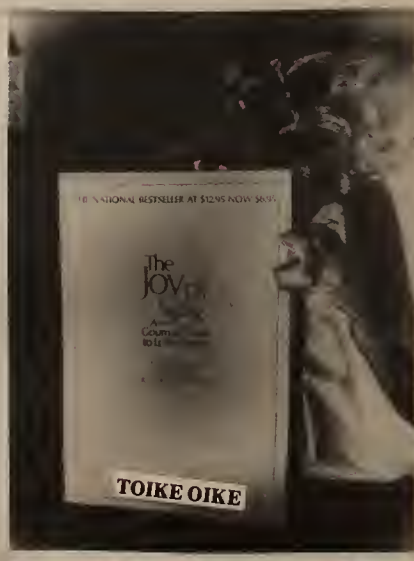
I should never have had fruitloops for breakfast.



The only way to get dried out after a bender...is 60 seconds in a microwave at 900 K.



SOOIE SOOIE SOOIE



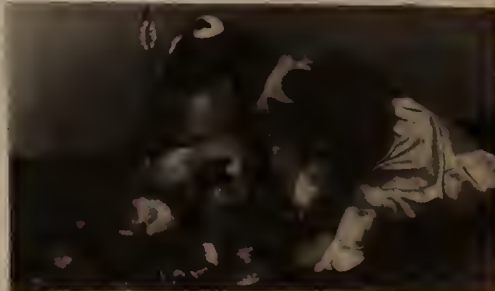
Would Kermit croke if he porked Miss Piggy? Let's see...



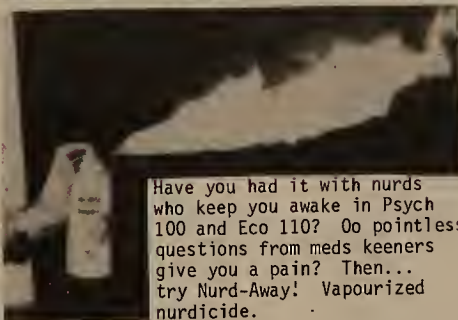
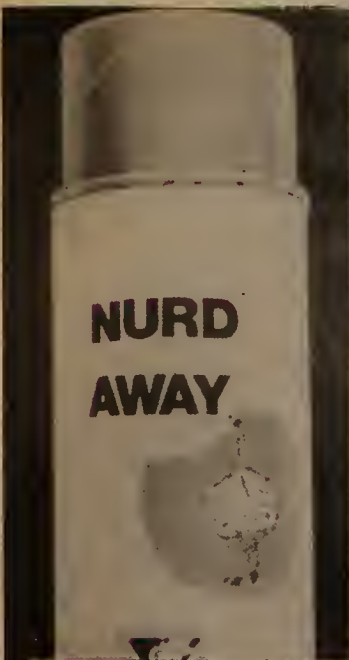
I thought S&M was sports and music.



Smells good-what's it look like?



OH SHIT I THINK IT BROKE.



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HI!
from
GW

- #423 - Take two or three packages of colourless gelatin and empty them into a toilet. Allow to set for a couple of hours. When the next person answers nature's call, it will be a wrong number. Lots of laughs.
- #312 - This one's good for friends who are planning to go skiing during Reading Week in Colorado. Draw actual size silhouettes of a handgun, some bullets, and perhaps a grenade. Trace these items onto tinfoil and cut out. Tape them on carry-on luggage. When he places the flight bag through the X-ray scanner, he/she is sure to make some new friends with the airport security force.

From the Practical Joke File

#291 Get a large Burlap bag. Fill it with 4 or 5 of the local cats. Take it into a fancy Chinese Restaurant and ask the Maitre' de if he will sign for it or should you take it straight to the kitchen. The patrons of the place will love it.



DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
STIRLING HALL
Physics
Engineering Physics
Astronomy

Queens University
Kingston, Canada
K7L 3N6

Notice to all Physics Students.

It has been recently determined that Newton was wrong.

It would appear that when formulating his first postulate that he neglected to consider the effects of the earth being in a noninertial reference frame resulting from its being found in the proximity of "G" type singularity.

In order to correct for this oversight in future on any and all physics papers

$$\vec{F} = m\vec{a} + 3\vec{i}$$

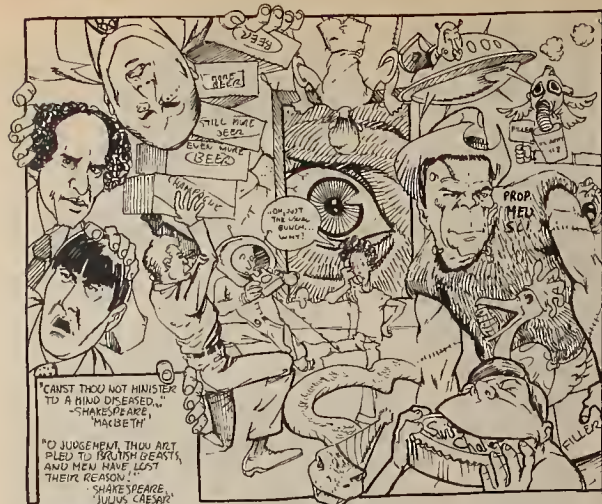
Yours Sincerely,

Mickey Sayer

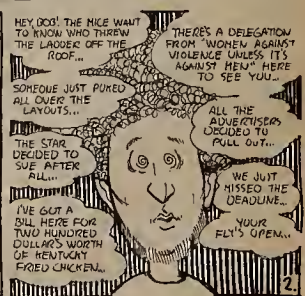
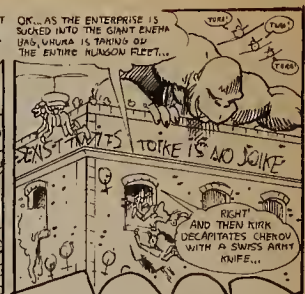
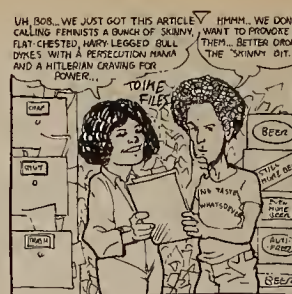
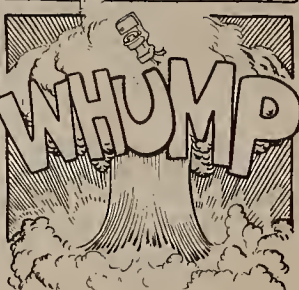
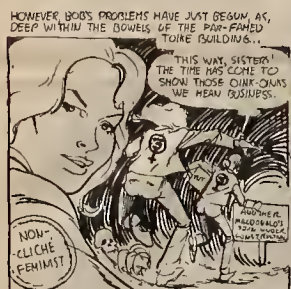
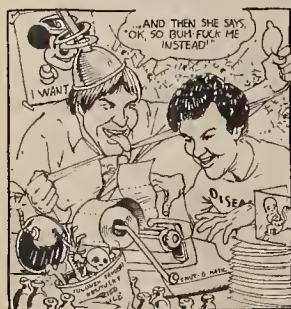
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IN
STOCK**

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THE VERY LAST TRIKE MAKEUP



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**LEAVE YOUR APPLICATION WITH ELLA IN THE STORES.
GET INVOLVED!!!**

STAR TREK!

THE MOTION SICKNESS

STAR TREK The Motion Sickness Part 3

When we last saw the Enterprise, Kirk had hested the probe Ilia and was now on his way to Ardon.

The Enterprise fit neatly through the opening of the Intruder, facilitated by the fact that it was less than half its original size. The scanners revealed a golden core at the centre of the cloud.

"Ardon," the probe confirmed.

"Bring us up against it, Sulu," Kirk ordered. Once there Decker led them through a newly created exit in the ship which allowed them to stand on the giant saucer of the ship.

From there, the wreckage of the Enterprise could be viewed. Its battered hull and fractured pylon supports stood as mute testimony to the well-honed ineptness of the crew that manned her. Never had a Starship taken such a beating while simply being used by her own crew.

"Damage report, Spock," Kirk asked as an afterthought.

"Sensors reveal a toilet on B deck is still operational," he reported.

The landing party set out in search of Ardon. They climbed a shabbily constructed mountain for several minutes before reaching the summit. Here, they stood while huge billows of smoke swirled upwards from the base of this barely adequate volcano. Even Kirk began to feel uncomfortable in the presence of such shoddily executed special effects.

"We only had a million bucks left to do this part of the film, Captaio," Spock explained.

"Estimate the depth of this volcano," Kirk ordered, as he kicked an unsuspecting security guard into the abyss.

"3,000 metres," Spock reported from the bone-crunching impact. The valiant landing party then began a cautious descent into the heart of the smoke. The further they ventured, the more intense their fear became. Suddenly, the probe stiffened in its tracks.

"Ardon is oear!" it said. Then the mist was quickly whisked away, and the cause of their fears became known.

There in the centre of the volcano stood two gigantic, neon-filled golden arches. Intensely damaged from their age and ordeal in space, they flickered erratically, but persistently... something almost symbolic to their tenacity.

"This is Ardon?" Kirk asked angrily.

"No captain, these are sign posts... symbols only, of a far greater evil... perhaps the most horrible of all atrocities ever inflicted on mankind," Spock said slowly, fearing that he had realized the truth.

Approaching with

trepidation, the crew halted in their tracks as a grotesquely misshapen holographic image sparked to life and appeared on Decker's back.

"Down in front!" Kirk snarled, kicking the crutches out from under Decker, "You're blocking the projector."

The image formed itself in front of them, shimmering eerily in the mist.

"Are you Ardon, then?" Kirk asked.

"I AM GOD!" the face thundered.

"Izzat so?" Kirk growled, reaching for his phaser. "Then, eat this!" he spat, riddling the holy image with phaser fire.

"Mmmf gak frihl," the face sputtered, foam frothing from its mouth. Meanwhile, Decker, on all twos, had sniffed out a small curtained occlusion off to the side.

"Yip, yip!" Decker barked excitedly, running in circles around Kirk's feet.

"What is it, hoy? Do you want us to follow you?" Kirk asked as Decker tugged at his pant leg.

Following the hoisterous puppy, they were led to the curtains. Kirk strode forward and tore the curtains aside.

A frantic voice emanated from the smoking remains of the holographic face.

"Pay no attention to the man behind the curtains!" it boomed.

"Shaddup!" Kirk howled, blistering off a phaser barrage from the hip. Grabbing the man at the controls, Kirk spun him around violently.

And then the most idiotic face ever conceived by the mind of man greeted Kirk's. It stared stupidly at him through dull, glassy eyes. Kirk shook the being gruffly, trying to rouse it from its stupor.

Bringing it into the light, it's moronic features became distinguishable: a huge red pug nose, an unruly mop of hushy red hair, round, bloodshot eyes, topped off with a scatter-brained toothy grin splashed across an oafishly simple face.

"YOU must be Ardon, then," Kirk said angrily, fighting down the urge to pummel this mockery of homo sapiens into hamburger.

"I'm not really Ardon," the entity replied, "These dopey machines called me that. I'm really Ronald McDonald, famous twentieth century Earth clown, last member of the United McDonald Corporation of Earth," he explained.

"Captain," Spock interjected, "My study of earth's history confirms this idiot's story. At the end of your twentieth century, McDonald's of Earth had successfully ousted its competition the world over, and then formed a tyrannical monopoly on the food business. Global domination was their goal... the inorganic garbage they laughingly referred to as

'food' kept whole segments of the population incapacitated while this red haired Fast Food Fuhrer clawed his way to the top. However, human nature being what it is, such gastronomic oppression could not be tolerated, and resulted in the bloody Food Wars of the 21st century. The combined might of the World Health Organization Army finally succeeded in bringing McDonaldLand to its knees."

"No wonder I felt such hatred for this heartless moron," Kirk added. "I remember films of earth during the fast food days. It was horrible... people doubling over and throwing up blood... babies choking on the thick, viscous milkshakes... mothers dying in mid-childbirth from severe malnutrition... everywhere the stench of death..." Kirk recalled, his voice trailing off in horror.

"Why the hell are you out here?" Kirk demanded of Ronald.

"Those ungrateful hasters sealed me in a rocket and blasted me off towards the sun. Luckily I managed to change its course or I'd have been a hash brown for sure. Anyway, I floated forever in space until this cloudful of machines found me. They had no purpose in life, and so they were pretty excited when they found me. They scanned my brain to determine my purpose," Ronald said.

"I expect the scanning took no time at all," Kirk said sarcastically.

"Don't interrupt. Anyway, now they have a purpose."

"And what is it?"

"They're seeking my creators, because they want to hlow the earth right out of the galaxy!" Ronald said terrifiedly.

"They can't punish us twice for the same mistake," Kirk said angrily.

"Captaio," Spock interrupted, "Tricorder readings indicate the earth is only half a day away. We've got to act now!"

Kirk lunged for Ronald's throat.

"Jim, don't waste your time. I have a plan!" Spock said.

"You mean, I have a plan which you are going to enunciate," Kirk clarified. Spock corrected himself.

"Quite right! You propose we fight fire with fire. Your careful analysis of the problem indicates that we make use of the computer's linguistics hanks to locate the McDonald jingles. You stress that there is no time to lose," Spock explained.

"Precisely. Get on it, Spock. Use your tricorder to patch into the ship's computer," Spock moved several feet away.

"Computer," Spock requested, but nothing happened. Chuckling quietly to himself, he added, "It's Spock, not Kirk." Instantly the tricorder sparked to life.

"WORKING," the computer answered, with an audible sigh of relief. Spock relayed the requests when, without warning, Kirk walked over to him.

The tricorder instantly fell dead.

"Goddamn computer still on the friz, eh Spock? Here, give me that," Kirk said, pounding the tricorder on Spock's head.

"Useless garbage," Kirk said, tossing the dented instrument on the ground. Once out of earshot, the tricorder came back on.

"Banks searched and information ready," the computer offered. Rubbing his head, Spock said, "Use the ship's intercom to broadcast those jingles to this cloud."

Hauntingly nauseating refrains of "We do it all for you... Nobody can do it..." profaned the sanctity of outer space at ear splitting levels.

Ronald's eyes rolled wildly in his head as he heard the fighting songs the McArmy used hundreds of years ago. Suddenly, the cloud picked up speed.

"Captain, we only angered the cloud! It's going to commit murder to poibis the earth for creating Ronald McDonald!" Spock blurted.

Before them, the golden arches began glowing an intense yellow, pulsating furiously and shrieking audibly as they neared critical mass.

"Captain! Those arches are pure anti-matter! If they bit the earth, it'll be total annihilation!" Spock shouted in terror.

"Back to the ship!" Kirk ordered. Ronald suddenly looked strangely complacent. "I'm not going," he said.

"Nobody asked you, arsehole."

"Tis better to reign in McDonaldLand than to serve aboard the Enterprise," Ronald said nobly.

As they scrambled aboard the ship, they could see Ronald behind them, shaking his fists at the blue-green globe of the earth.

Once safely inside, Kirk wondered why his plan had failed.

Explain, Spock," Kirk ordered. Spock shifted from foot to foot, sweating profusely as he stared at the ground.

"Captain, there's not much time left. Those arches... if they hit the earth, it's all over."

"Chekov, prepare to annihilate the earth. They must be spared from the cloud's deadly attack," Kirk ordered.

"SIR!" Scotty shrieked, "There's billions of innocent people down there..."

"Who will surely die without my help," Kirk added.

This is help? Chekov wondered silently as he readied the phasers.

"But captain..." Scotty continued, "Who will be left to worship in your temples that were erected? Who will sing

praises to your name? Imagine, captain, no one will thrill to the larger-than-life image you so richly deserve!" Scotty pointed out, heaping shovelful after shovelful of honey-coated sickly sweet praise on Kirk's head.

Kirk paused for a moment. "Where's Decker?"

"I think he's down in Ilia's quarters with the probe," Uhura said. Stamping down to the probe's bedroom, Kirk booted the door off its hinges.

"Decker! You're relieved of hook-end duty. I'm promoting you to Photon Torpedo. Both of you report to the torpedo launching tubes immediately!" Kirk demanded.

"Wonderful idea, captain! Just what I was thinking!" Decker said gleefully as he surfaced from the morass of intestinal sewage.

Back at the helm, Kirk ordered the attack.

"Fire torpedos Decker and Ilia at the arches, Mr. Chekov." The ship shuddered gently as the human warheads screamed towards the golden core of anti-matter.

"Engineering, get us out of here!" Kirk barked over the intercom.

"Can it wait, captain? I've just torn apart a bloody warp engine to give'em a cleaning," Scotty responded from the engine room where he sat on the floor, surrounded by hundreds of warp drive components.

"Christ!" Spock said as he braced himself for the ensuing super nova-like explosion.

When Decker and Ilia contacted the golden arches, the entire quadrant was flooded in the intense, blinding glare of total matter destruction. A brief dawn greeted the Enterprise and earth as physically impossible devastating shock waves sprayed out angrily in all directions, hammering the ship and pummeling the earth.

The violent aftermath continued for a full five minutes before letting up. When the rubble cleared, there was no sign of the intruder.

The crew aboard the ship stared at Kirk in awe. He returned their glares with a snide smirk and then asked "Damage report, Spock."

"Warp drive decimated; life support devastated; impulse power ruined; Superstructure dangerously unsafe; phasers and photon torpedos destroyed; B deck toilet damaged; auxiliary hack-up everything obliterated," Spock answered.

"Will she move?" Kirk asked.

"Nearly," said Spock.

"Then, take us out of here," Kirk said confidently.

"Out there," he motioned. "Thataway!"

"But sir," Sulu protested. "THATAWAY!"

"Aye, captain," Sulu said dejectedly, and the Enterprise impacted with the moon.

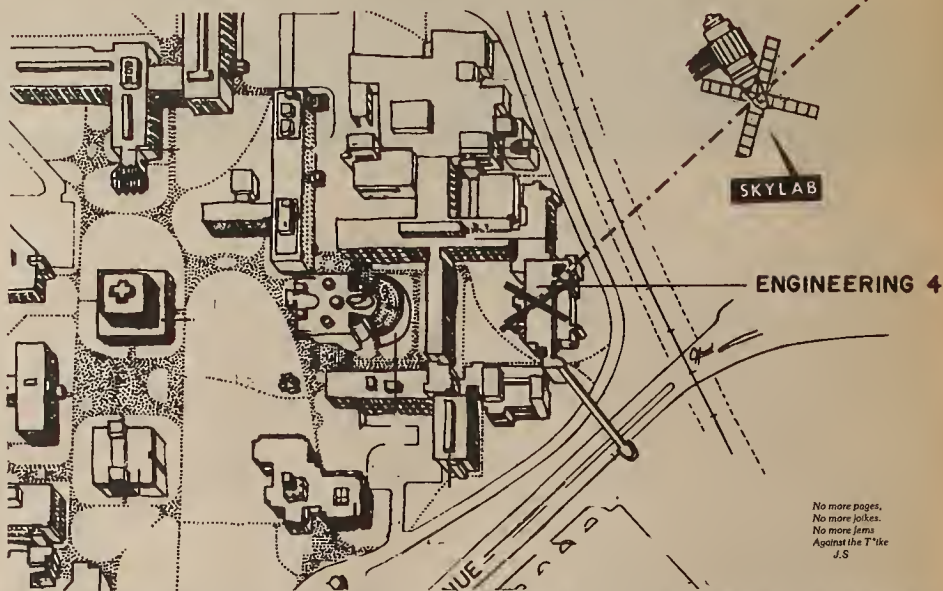
The End.

UOW Plummers Save World

Confidential sources within a top U.S. Government organization reported today that a tragedy of immense proportions was averted two Wednesdays ago, due to the efforts of an ad hoc crack team of Engineers at the University of Waterloo in Ontario. A NASA informant revealed that Skylab's safe landing was engineered by this U of W team.

Their actions were initiated by the discovery that a former U of W student, now studying Pseudo-engineering at the University of Toronto, had assembled his unemployed classmates to commit a grievous crime against humanity. The reasons for their actions are believed to lie in their frustration at failing first year Gen Eng at Waterloo, and their boredom, caused by their inability to find summer employment in the field of engineering.

Their illegal activities began with a raid on Waterloo's Department of Systems Design, where they stole the plans and prototype for the controversial mind siphon, developed by the department's third year students. Thus armed, a commando group of 100 raiders kidnapped Professors Wilson and MacPhie of the Department of Electrical Engineering. Under the influence of the mind siphon, Wilson and MacPhie were forced to develop a 'control usurpation antenna' operating through the Earth's hypersphere. With this device the group from U of T took over the controls of the American space laboratory and opened all of its doors. They



had somehow guessed correctly that this action would increase the atmospheric drag on the spacecraft, causing it to crash on Waterloo's Eugene Four Hall (formerly Carl A. Pollock Hall). It was initially thought that this was a move against the new Eng Soc Exec, but it was later discovered that they were aiming for the CDMJK&S' queue where most Uniwat Engineers spend their mornings.

The U of T conspirators' plans were overheard in the Jarvis House in Toronto by two Chemical Engineers who had wound up in the God-forsaken place while trying to decipher the clue "TSSA Westmount". The

quick witted duo returned to Waterloo via the Blue Moon Hotel where they found the faculty's finest at the end of a successful day.

After hearing the plot, student Paul Plummer and his associates quickly formed the Committee to Undo the Nebbishes from Toronto (not to be abbreviated), with the express purpose of "saving the world and impressing the nurses". The committee adjourned to their special laboratory in the Grad Club where they devised a method to prevent mass destruction.

Their calculations showed

that if Skylab's thrusters were fired 3 hours and 47 minutes ahead of schedule the giant spaceship would instead crash in the South Atlantic or just west of Australia. They attributed the imprecision to their use of HP calculators.

As was seen on July 11, their solution proved effective. No announcement was made concerning retaliation against U of T, but a black robed committee member, wielding a tremendous tool (even for an Engineer), chuckled and commented, "Come January, those wimps is gonna wish they'd been on Skylab."

Point Counterpoint

SHE-You men have it easy. I mean, take any trivial subject you wish and the men of the world have it all over the women.

HE-On we do, do we? Let's talk specifics. Name one thing that's easier for men in this world.

SHE-Well, for instance, you don't have to squat to pee. You can hang one against a wall or a tree and go on your merry way.

HE-Yes, but when you're in a can, you don't have to aim for a 12" hole firing from the hip.

SHE-Still, you don't need toilet paper for the operation.

HE-You don't have to lift the toilet seat either.

SHE-We have to put it down, or else. Have you ever gone to the can drunk or in the dark, sat down, and wound up with your knees around your ears and your ass in 3" of water? It's no picnic, let me tell you.

HE-No picnic? What about the wild and unpredictable mood changes we have to put up with when you girls are on the rag?

SHE-But you don't have to put up with the asinine, no-mundo, male-generated commercials for strawberry flavoured disposable douche, etc., etc.

HE-We watch T.V. too. And I thought you'd like to be informed of the newest developments in the science of menstruation.

SHE-Have you ever smelled deodorant tampons? Once you recognize the smell you'll know which girls to stay away from at a distance of 40 feet.

HE-Still, let's face it. Take the average girl, drop her drawers, and it's no spring day in Ireland at the best of times.

SHE-Likewise, I'm sure.

HE-Even so, when you're sexually aroused it's not broadcast as blatantly as a pipe

wrench in a pair of Jockey Shorts.

SHE-Certainly erect nipples draw as much attention, if not more.

HE-But no sticky, gooey mass comes out of you.

SHE-It does eventually if we stand up after.

HE-Yah, but you don't have to stand up. All you have to do is lie there and get serviced.

SHE-Serviced? Half the chore is teaching those Frosh what a clitoris is, where to find it and what to do with it. Not to mention the finer points of making love.

HE-Like cuddling afterwards? I'd rather sleep.

SHE-You don't fall asleep and stick to the bedsheets.

HE-But girls get the ultimate say about whether sex happens or not.

SHE-When and if a decent piece of meat comes along (like Paul Menary). I'm sure most girls would never say no.

HE-Yes, but Mr. Right is fic-

tion, so what happens is we have to liquor you up, and then we find that we ourselves are snookered and half-mast is the best we can do.

SHE-And that's not good enough.

HE-But what really pisses me off, is holding your arm on the back of a theatre seat for two hours just to feel an elbow or a bra strap.

SHE-You don't have to sit with your neck contorted at an acute angle while this idiot fondles your elbow with his sweaty hands.

HE-You don't have to pay for it.

SHE-We do if we want to go where we really want.

HE-But when do you ever ask a guy to go anywhere? Or for that matter, if he wants to have sex.

SHE-Usually when we get so tired of waiting for you to ask.

HE-Sure, but you always get the best sleeping position.

SHE-Yes, that's true.